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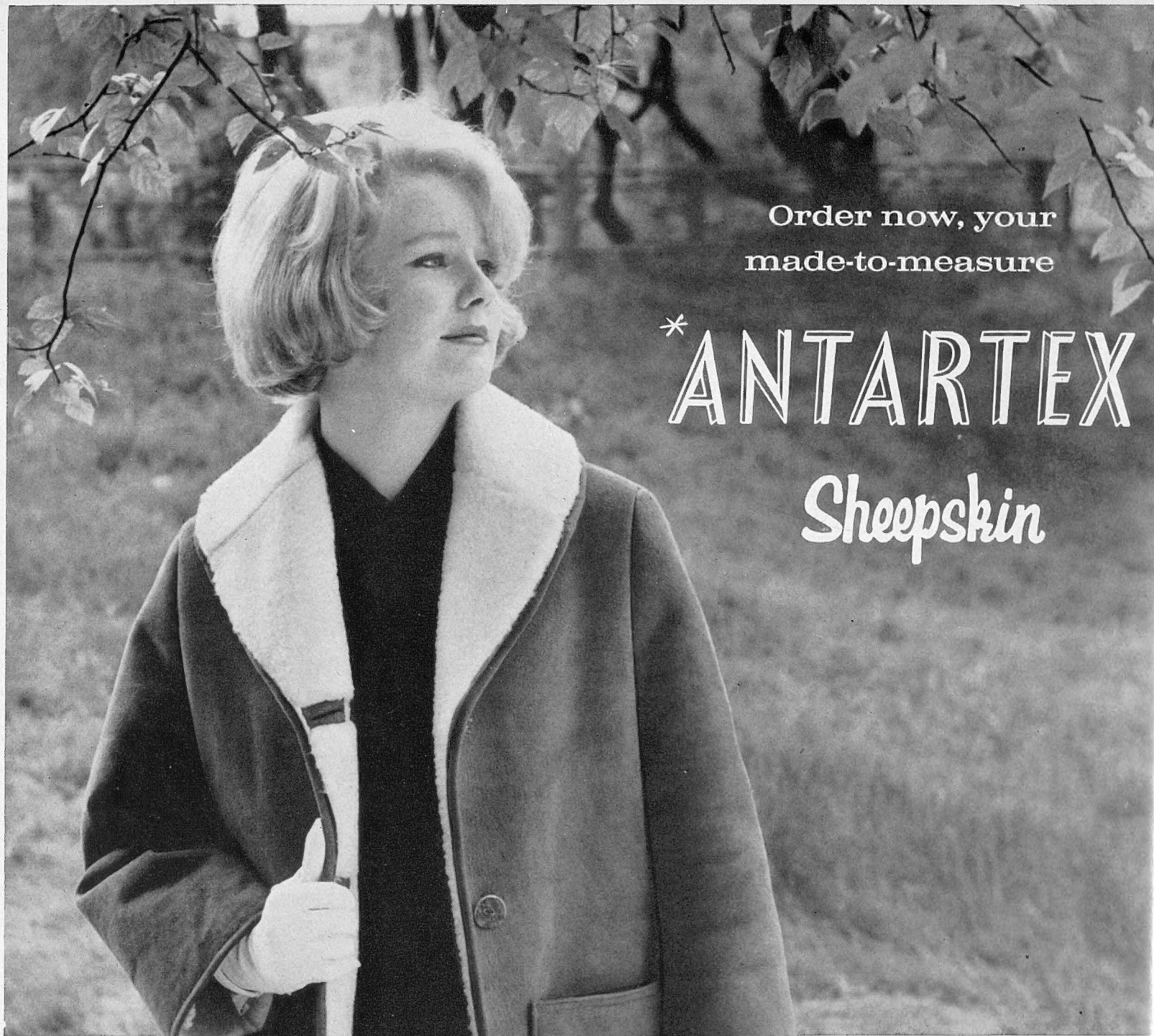
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THE Tatler

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22 AUGUST, 1962

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The little boy on the Sheltie has a clear field for his foray north of the border. But Scotland is in a fair way to have crowding problems of its own what with the summer influx of tourists and the heavy bookings for the current Edinburgh Festival—16th in the line. Turn to page 382 for photographs of some notable performers in this year's musical programme. Ida Kar photographs a Scottish family (page 384) and Tessa Grimshaw a Scottish phenomenon (page 389). There's a border slant to Fashion and Counterspy as well and Muriel Bowen notes a wedding in Fife on page 378. Dale Maxey devised the cover

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GOING PLACES

IN SCOTLAND

Edinburgh Festival, to 8 September. (see pictures page 382.) This week: **London Symphony Orchestra**, 8 p.m. daily, Usher Hall; **Ceilidh**, 8 p.m., Leith Hall, 25; **Chamber music**, 11 a.m. daily, Freemans Hall; **Writers' Conference**, 2.30 p.m. daily, McEwan Hall; **Belgrade Opera**, 7 p.m. daily, King's Theatre; **Troilus & Cressida**, Royal Shakespeare Company, 7 & 10.45 p.m. (mats. 2.15 p.m. today & Sat.), Lyceum Theatre; **The Doctor & The Devils** (Dylan Thomas), 7 p.m. daily, Assembly Hall; **Young Auchinleck**, Edinburgh Gateway Company, Gateway Theatre, 7.30 p.m. daily (mats. 2.30 p.m. Thurs & Sat); **Military Tattoo**, 9 p.m. today & Thurs, 8 & 10.30 p.m., Fri. & Sat, the Castle.

Edinburgh Horse Show, Stenhouse Stadium, 24-25 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: York, today, 23, 24; Bath, today & 23; Lingfield Park, 24, 25; Ripon, Carlisle, 25; Warwick, 27; Folkestone, 27, 28; Brighton, Chesham, 29; Brighton, Beverley, 29, 30; Hurst Park, 31 August, 1 September. **Steeplechasing**: Font-

well Park, today; Haldon (Devon & Exeter meeting), today & 23; Newton Abbot, 29, 30 August.

CRICKET

M.C.C. v. Ireland, Lord's, 25, 26 August; **Hastings Cricket Festival**, 29 August, 4 September.

MOTOR RACING

National Open Hill Climb, Shelsley Walsh, nr. Worcester, 26 August.

SAILING

Torbay Fortnight, to 1 September; **Oulton Broad Week**, 27 August-1 September; **Burnham Week**, 1-8 September.

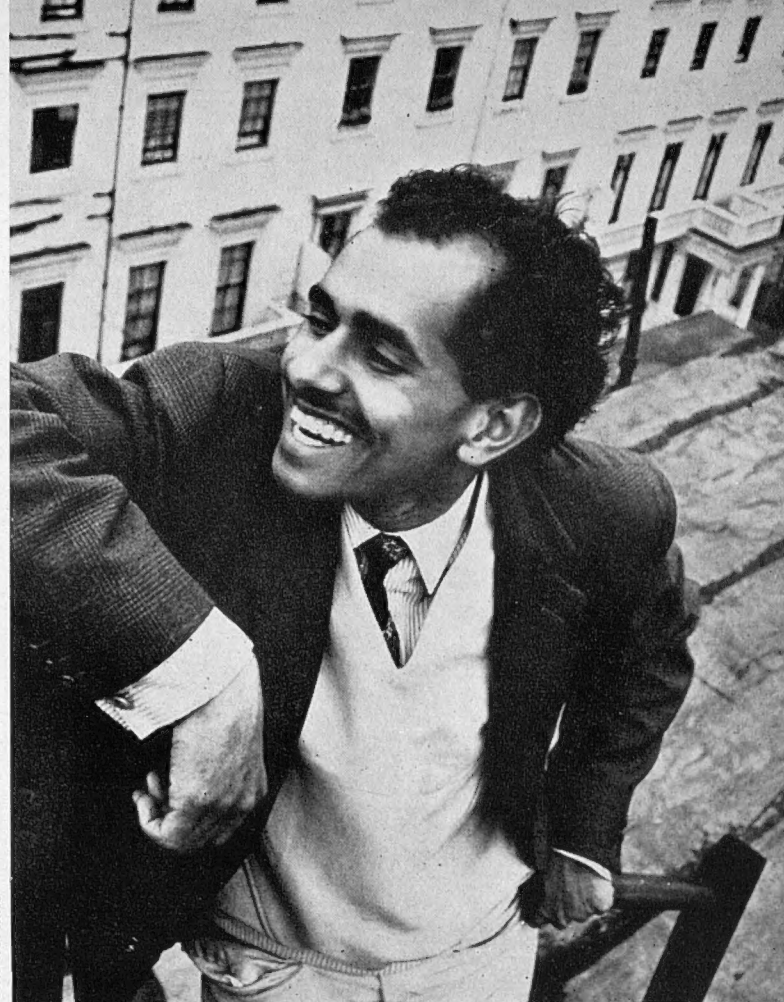
MUSICAL

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly, except Sundays, to 15 September (KEN 8212.) **London's Festival Ballet**, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m. nightly (matinées 5 p.m. Saturdays) to 8 September. (WAT 3191.)

Victoria & Albert Museum concert, by Philomusica of London, 7.30 p.m., 26 August. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 26 August. **Britain in Water-Colours**, Federation of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, to 31 August. **"Image In Progress,"** Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 11 September. **"Water & Landscape,"** summer exhibition, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 31 August.



JOHN HOPKINS

● Iqbal Geoffrey, now exhibiting at the Alfred Brod Gallery in Sackville Street, won a reputation here within two years of leaving Pakistan, and now has paintings in the Tate Gallery and Arts Council collections. He is giving the works in the present exhibition, estimated value £2,000, to the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief

EXHIBITIONS

1862 Exhibition Centenary, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 September. **London Museum Golden Jubilee Exhibition**, to end of year.

OPEN AIR THEATRE

Regent's Park, *Love's Labour's Lost*, to 8 September (HUN 1813); *Son et Lumière*, Canterbury

Cathedral, Winchester Cathedral, to 22 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Sadler's Wells. Youth Theatre Season, 27 August. **Arts Theatre**. *Infanticide In The House Of Fred Ginger*, 29 August. **Mermaid Theatre**. *Red Roses For Me*, 4 September. **Strand Theatre**. *The New Men*, 5 September.

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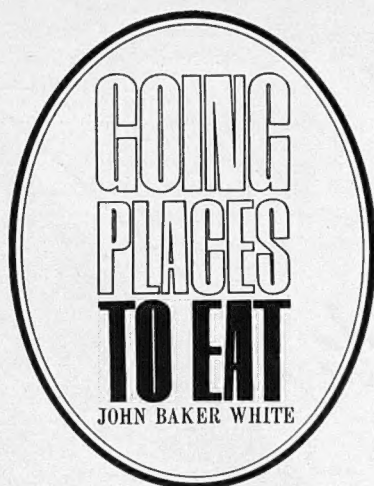
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Restaurant L'Oranger, 68 Welbeck Street (just off Wigmore Street.) (WEL 2443.) C.S. With the increasing popularity of Continental films this restaurant, open 6.30 p.m.—11 p.m., is worth remembering, for it is only a step from Oxford Street and has no parking problem at night. The cooking is French, and M. Omer offers a 14s. 6d. dinner which is good value for money, consisting of a "starter," entrecôte or *coq au vin*, and a choice of sweets, including bananas *flambé*. The Malabar coffee and service are first



class. There is an adequate wine list, wine by the glass at 2s. 6d., and a quite wide *à la carte* menu.

Crayfish from Russia

For some years **La Surprise** in Gerrard Street has served *Ecrevisses*—fresh water crayfish—from English waters. Now they are being imported from the Soviet Union near Vitebsk—flown direct to live on steak in the fresh water tanks of Associated Fisheries until the restaurants want them. You can find them at the Savoy and in the Wheeler group restaurants. The price must vary with the way they are cooked—the Russians peel the tails and fry them whole—but it will not be low.

Wine note

At a recent meeting Peter Dominic's Wine Mine Club tasted Italian wines. There were three dry white, six red and three sweet dessert wines, a reminder that not all Italian wines are Chianti. The white included a Cinque Terre from Liguria at 10s. 6d., the red a

1955 estate-bottled Barone Ricasoli Brolio at 16s. 3d., and the sweet an Italian-bottled Bigi and Figlio Orvieto Abboccato from Umbria at 12s. At the buffet a light Chianti—Toscano Rosso—was sold at a most moderate 6s. 6d. per bottle.

France's 2nd XI

The title **Les Auberges Rurales de France** explains the purpose of this folder guide, useful to anyone driving about France. Only the smaller establishments recognized by the French Government as providing satisfactory service are included. The guide can be obtained on application to the French Government Tourist Office, 66 Haymarket, S.W.1.

...and a reminder

La Speranza, 179 Brompton Road. (KEN 9437.) The sort of restaurant where one generation follows another; and the food is mainly Italian and French **Trattoria Il Porcellino**, 169 Fulham Road, junction with Sydney Place. (KNI 8413.) Music and noise combined with sound Italian cooking and reasonable prices

Brompton Grill, 243 Brompton Road. (KEN 8005.) Maintains the high standard it has kept for many years

Trattoria Positano, Fulham Road (Western end close to junction with Redcliffe Gardens). Well-cooked and quickly served Italian dishes and not at all expensive

The Burghley Room, Grosvenor House. A reminder that this is a place for very special eating and drinking after proper consultation with maître d'hôtel John Piazzoni. Open Sundays in the summer

CABARET CALENDAR

Pigalle (REG 7746). Jill Day making a return to the song & dance routine in spectacular revue *The Roaring Twenties* which has, incidentally, the largest collection of dancers, models and showgirls in town

Establishment (GER 8111). Satirico-political blood-letting nightly with John Bird, John Fortune and others. Carole Simpson sings

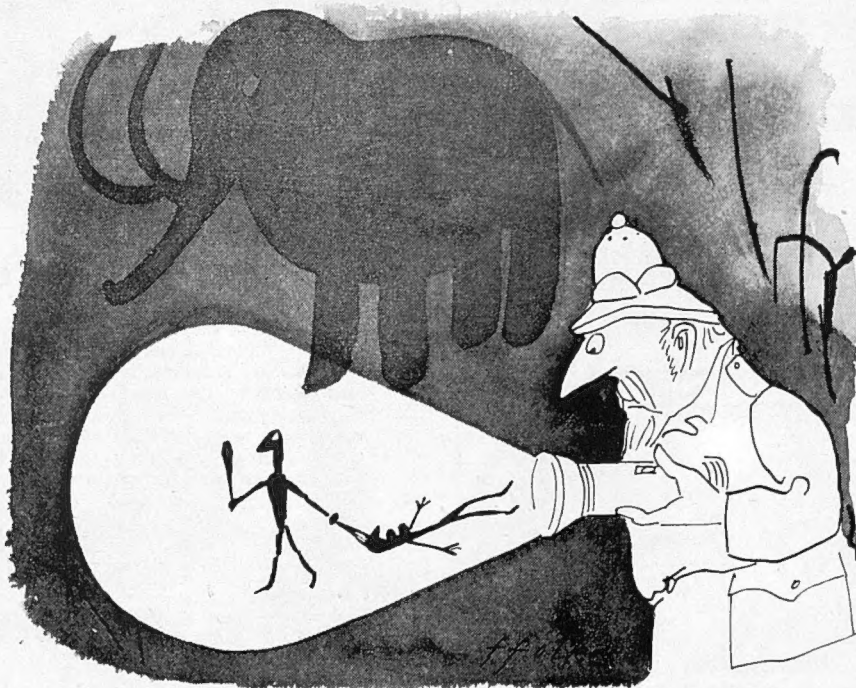
Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet. Vocalist: Susan Maughan

Room at the Top (ILF 4455). Carmita, singer from the South Seas

Society (REG 0565). Veronica Bell, chanteuse of the Folies Bergère, from Paris



Frankie Vaughan is making his first appearance in West End cabaret at *The Talk of the Town*. Plus the elaborate floorshow *Fantastico* at 10 o'clock





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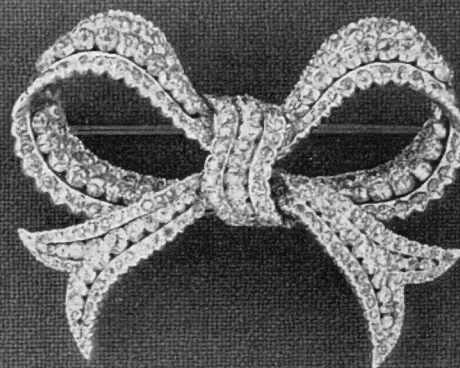


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Staying in Venice

NOT A BED TO BE HAD IN VENICE? Rubbish, I said, season or no season (the time was July). That was until the nightmare came to life and I found myself in Venice *without* a bed, arguing with the concierge to the hotel in which I had had the impression of a booking. Italians are not given to confirming bookings or indeed to putting pen to paper at all. Argument as to which of us was in the right was futile. Instead, telephone calls were made. Another porter was summoned. And eventually I found myself following him over a couple of bridges to what is, in fact, the very hotel I would choose next time, the comfortable little Cavaletto just off San Marco. It's an ill wind....

Ideally, I would choose neither July nor August nor even early September to visit Venice for pleasure. It is crowded and steamy. Emptied of tourists, it can look magically lovely, a newly washed Canaletto of itself, in mid-winter, the time I have loved it most. But the Film Festival (from Saturday to 5 September) draws the crowds both to the Lido and the city itself, plus which Venice is an all-but essential overnight stop for people who arrive by air and take the Adriatic steamers down to Yugoslavia and Greece. So in the brief time I had before catching my own boat, I addressed myself to the task of finding a hotel or two that did have the odd room, for the benefit of other people so bent.

The Cavaletto which I mentioned before is indeed perfect of its kind (£2 to £2 10s. for a double room and bath, plus the usual 20 per cent service charge). You might find it noisy with gondoliers, but it has the advantage of being dead-central, and close to the pier at San Marco where B.E.A.'s airport launch ties up—a consideration, since the lire fly like confetti in porter's tips if they have to hump your baggage for any distance.

Walking along Calle Bergamaschi, still in the San Marco area, my eye was caught by a small *pensione* tucked at the end of an alleyway. I modestly claim the Flora as a find. It is enchantingly pretty, partly overlooking a small canal, and charges around £1 12s. for a single room, private bath and breakfast, about £2 15s. for the same, double. And at that point they had rooms available. Many people are sent there when the Grand and the Gritti by which it is



flanked have no accommodation, and it enjoys therefore a rather select and no doubt extremely appreciative clientele.

A find of a different sort is the Gabrielli, a couple of bridges upwards—that is, towards the Lido—from the Doge's Palace. In Venetian terms it is a bit off-centre, being about seven minutes' walk from San Marco. In July, when I stayed there, they insisted on demi-pension terms. But this was no hardship in that the food was good and served in a delightful open patio, patronized by people other than residents. I do not mean to denigrate it when I say that it would suit slightly older people: it is very quiet, and has (unusually for Venice) a big rose garden with lawns and deck chairs, plus also a roof garden with a spectacular view over to San Giorgio. And a nice bar. Rates, for demi-pension, go up to £4 for room with private bath. Their low season rates, on the other hand, are only £1 14s., without food. And one of the few things in Venice which is cheap is a simple fish meal and wine in one of the scores of back-street *trattorie*. Even the best places—Columba, Craspo de Va, Fenice—are not extortionate by most standards.

A second class hotel, understandably popular, is the Savoia, in Riva degli Schiavoni, next to the Danieli. Rates there go up to £2 14s. for a double room with bath. It is worth earmarking for an out-of-season stay, but alas, it is an unlikely bet until late September. Altogether, the bed shortage in Venice and the Lido must be taken seriously, and even the obvious luxury hotels seem to get just as heavily booked as the rest. One solution is to send an international reply coupon; the other, to telephone direct: to anybody who has ever stood helplessly over a pile of home-less luggage, the cost of even several such calls is amply compensated. People lacking a



PHOTOGRAPHS: J. ALLAN CASH

bed in transit for the Adriatic journeys might compromise with B.E.A.'s night flight, which arrives at 3 a.m. There are, after all, worse places than summertime Venice in which to sit out the dawn. The cost is £31 7s. Daytime returns are £39 16s. Your luggage can be left in their terminal building at the San Marco pier until the time you sail.

Moored gondolas with prows reflected in the still water await fares. Top: St. George's Isle in a vista of calm lagoon. In the foreground on its pedestal the lion recalls the rich heyday of Venetian sovereignty over Mediterranean trade routes



GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

PHOTOGRAPH: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

A Sean O'Casey Festival opens tonight at the Mermaid Theatre with *Purple Dust*, a comedy written 17 years ago but not yet seen in London, though it had a successful run on Broadway. It treats of the efforts of two Englishmen to restore a foundering Irish

mansion against powerful opposition. It will be followed on 1 September by *Red Roses For Me*, and on 25 September by the O'Casey classic *The Plough And The Stars*. Mr. O'Casey, at 78 the doyen of avant-garde playwrights, lives at Torquay, where this picture was taken

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THE TATLER
22 AUGUST 1962

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THE PRINCE AT THE HELM



... and on tow

In a waterproof suit with binoculars slung about his neck, Prince Philip took the helm of the 34-ton yawl Bloodhound which he owns, jointly with the Queen, in the Britannia Challenge Cup race at

Cowes. On the sixth day of Cowes week Prince Philip capsized in Coweslip while sailing with Uffa Fox in the Flying Fifteen race.

Coweslip was taken in tow and beached on the jetty alongside Mr. Fox's home at Cowes. Seconds after the Prince stepped ashore a 25-foot crane boom crashed down missing him by only a few feet



Mr. F. Bradley at the helm of his Makita in the race for 8-metre catamarans which he won. It was the first race for this class to be held anywhere in the world. Mr. Bradley is president of the Bob 8 metre Association. Below: Vanity V races off-shore in a 12-metre class event



The week at Cowes



In the Cowes-San Sebastian race. Above: Mr. Raglan Squire's Rainy Day II. Top: the R.A.F. sloop Dam Buster. Below: Mr. B. A. Stewart's Zulu, leading Stormvogel



MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

TRY joining friends for a weekend on the Isle of Wight in August and you realize that you should have booked your car on the ferry at the same time you sent out your Christmas cards. Call for an appointment at the island's smartest hairdressers in Bembridge and you discover a wait of two weeks to be sandwiched into an appointment book that looks like Debrett.

Special thrill of this year's Cowes Week was Prince Philip's sailing of the newly-acquired royal yacht, Bloodhound, manned by friends and officers from Britannia—13 in all. Apparently the Prince isn't superstitious about numbers; he brought a party of 13 to the Royal Yacht Squadron Ball as well. There was widespread interest in how good a boat Bloodhound is since her refit. On the first day, before Prince Philip's arrival, she won the Nab Tower race. On that gusty day one yacht sank, several were dismasted and more than a score of minor collisions occurred. The general consensus of yachting opinion is that the Queen and Prince Philip can always expect to do well with Bloodhound even in rough and raging sea.

THE MISSING HELMSMAN

It wasn't a memorable Cowes. Apart from the oceanracer, Alchemy of Wight, owned by Mr. DICK FREEMANTLE and Mr. FARRANT GILHAM and the winner of four races, there was an absence of interesting new boats. Mr. ROBIN AISHER, our Olympic 5.5 helmsman is saving his new Yeoman X for international racing next season, and sailed all week in a glass fibre boat. And greatly missed was that artist of the Dragon helmsmen, Mr. MICHAEL CREAN. He has been posted to Trinidad for two years and has already left with his pretty wife, Hazel, to take up his appointment. Mr. & Mrs. P. V. MACKINNON had a tremendous run of successes with their Redwing, Toucan, though. Others either watching or racing were EARL CATHCART, SURGEON-

CDR. ROSS COLES who was at the helm of Mr. PAT WILLIAMSON's sloop, Merry Dancer, for the Britannia Cup race, LORD & LADY BRABAZON OF TARA, Mr. J. B. GOULANDRIS, Mr. & Mrs. J. A. CAULCUTT, Mrs. C. P. W. CROSS, Mr. RAPHAEL DE SOLA, and COL. & Mrs. R. S. KING. I talked to Mr. "Tom" SAWYER, supreme sailor-cook, before he headed off in gusty weather for San Sebastian on board the new ocean racer Oberon. He told me that there is always a certain exchange of words between the helmsman and the cook. The helmsman who annoys him most is the one who decides to go about without warning just as he is tossing an omelet! Mr. Sawyer is, of course, better known in his other rôle as manager of that favourite hotel of brides and debs' Mums, the Hyde Park.

One of the happiest people about the place was LT.-COL. "STUG" PERRY. With CAPT. MICHAEL BOYLE on his honeymoon Col. Perry was sailing the bottle green 12 metre Vanity V. Watched on shore by Mrs. PERRY he brought Vanity along at quite a clip to defeat Mr. TONY BOYDEN in Flica II. Incidentally, with the Australian challenge to the Americas Cup already under way, the building of Mr. Boyden's new 12 metre was the great talking point round the yacht clubs.

THE ISLAND PARTIES

Dances and cocktail parties flourished in the evenings. Now that it has been danced on the august platform of the Royal Yacht Squadron, it can be said with certainty that the Twist has arrived. The most accomplished of the twisters was LT.-COL. KENNETH GREVILLE WILLIAMS. Friends gave him as many congratulations afterwards as they do when he swings a four-in-hand through the complications of modern traffic. REAR ADMIRAL JOE HENLEY, who commands the Royal Yacht, Britannia, is another Squadron member who is an above-average twister.

The Squadron Ball is a mecca for personalities. I talked to Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTON and his brother FRANK. Every year they leave their sheep

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

The week at Cowes *continued*

stations and 1,200,000-acre cattle ranch in Australia and come to England for Cowes Week. "I would not miss it," Mr. John Livingston told me. "I'm a bachelor so I don't have to worry about beneficiaries and that sort of thing. Everything I possess I should happily spend on yachting." At home the brothers sail a 12 metre.

SIR JOHN NICHOLSON, Bt., who had been racing his South Coast One Design Vittoria earlier in the day came with LADY NICHOLSON and their daughter, TESSA. Sir John may switch from racing to cruising and has his eye on another boat which he will probably call Vittoria II. "I thought of calling her Martinette, but the Bank didn't like the idea." The Bank is Martin's of which Sir John is the new chairman.

Others dancing that night included MARQUESS CAMDEN, CAPT. M. H. EVELEGH, the Squadron's secretary and busiest man in Cowes Week, & Mrs. EVELEGH, MR. & MRS. DERMOT DE TRAFFORD, MAJOR & MRS. A. B. WILSON, CAPT. & MRS. F. M. ELLIOTT, LADY ANGELA DAWNAY, AIR/CDRE. & MRS. J. C. QUINNELL, and CAPT. & MRS. MORGAN GILES. Others were MAJOR & MRS. HAROLD HALL, S/LDR. & MRS. DAVID CHECKETTS who were in Prince Philip's party, VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS RUNCIMAN OF DOXFORD, LORD & LADY WORSLEY who have taken a house at Cowes for the month, and SIR ROBERT & LADY HOBART who brought MR. & MRS. BERKELEY PORTMAN, SIR ALBERT ROBINSON, High Commissioner for Rhodesia, & LADY ROBINSON, and MR. & MRS. BRUCE CAMPBELL. The two boats Sir Robert has entered for the *Daily Express* Powerboat Race from Cowes to Torquay have been designed by Mr. Campbell. "With the sort of American competition we will have, not to mention the Continentals, it is going to be very hard this year to keep the trophy in Britain," Sir Robert tells me. He will be at the helm of the smaller of his two boats on 8 September, Lobster Thermidor, which has already won a Round-the-Island race.

JUNIORS AT BEMBRIDGE

At Bembridge small fry were arriving at DR. & MRS. REGINALD BENNETT's houseboat for the birthday party of their daughter, MEDINA, 6, while parents were getting ready to go to Mrs. WILFRED LOYD's cocktail party at her fine house which looks down on the sea near Seaview. A great rendezvous for Isle of Wight visitors is the Royal Spithead at

lunchtime and lunching there on that particular day were: MAJOR & MRS. CHARLES GRAHAM and their children, JAMES, MALISE and SUSANNAH; the HON. DENIS BERRY and his wife who have a houseboat nearby, Mrs. PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART, Mr. & Mrs. MICHAEL RICHARDSON and their guests Mr. KENNETH & LADY DAVINA KLEINWORT, Mr. & Mrs. REGGIE GRAHAM, and EARL & COUNTESS ST. ALDWYN and their children who are at their house in Bembridge for the month. Prodded by the children Lady St. Aldwyn was off to inspect the new International Go-Kart Circuit at Ryde. This is at the old Ryde airport. Quite a place, too, I discovered when I went there with Mr. MARK WOODNUTT, the island's M.P., & Mrs. WOODNUTT. Their sons MARTIN and RICHARD were riding on it and, like most fathers in similar circumstances, Mr. Woodnutt couldn't resist the excitement of having a go too.

More than 18,000 people have go-karted their way round the circuit since it opened a couple of months ago. One of the star performers I hear is ARABELLA CHURCHILL, daughter of MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The Karts used are of the same make as the one presented to the Prince of Wales last year, and I hear that a second one has since been ordered from Buckingham Palace. There is no racing on the circuit yet. It is planned to commence in October.

THE POONA DINES

So many parties but the most exclusive of the lot was the dinner of the Imperial Poona Yacht Club at the Corinthian Yacht Club which was attended by Prince Philip, and organized by DR. REGINALD BENNETT, M.P., the Commodore. The dinner was good, I'm told, and the singing was better. It was started (and finished) by Mr. UFFA FOX, the Club's Shanty-Muezzin. The airs were traditional and the words Mr. Fox's own. Prince Philip and the rest of the company joined in when and where they knew them.

A COWES COMING-OUT

During Cowes Week there was a coming-out dance for Miss SUSAN CAULCUTT, one of the island's prettiest sailing girls. It was held at The Towers, Yarmouth, home of her mother and stepfather, Mr. & Mrs. PATRICK EGAN. It was a gay frolic with a barbecued supper and swimming off the jetty at the end of the garden. The young

people at the dance included: Miss MARIE LOUISE EGAN, Miss SARAH BUDGE, Mr. TIMOTHY ANDREAE, Mr. DAVID CLAYTON, Miss ELIZABETH BREWER, Miss GILLIAN HILL, Miss DIANA MAITLAND HUME, and Mr. JOHN COX.

THE BRIDE AT KILMANY

Miss JANE ANSTRUTHER-GRAY had a warm and sunny day for her wedding to the HON. GEORGE WEIR, son of VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS WEIR. The ceremony was at St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrews, and the reception afterwards at Kilmanny, home of the bride's parents, SIR WILLIAM ANSTRUTHER-GRAY, M.P., & LADY ANSTRUTHER-GRAY. (See pictures overleaf.)

The occasion brought out some very chic clothes. Mrs. M. J. CARUTH in a tie silk coat and white hat, Miss DIANA MACDOUGALL in tangerine with a black breton straw hat, Mrs. GERALD SANDERSON wearing an acid yellow petalled hat with a chocolate brown dress, and Miss CATRIONA SPENCER-NAIRN with a jaunty hat were among those I noticed.

There were guests from the whole expanse of the Lowlands and some from farther afield. They included Mr. JAMES MACNAB, YOUNGER OF MACNAB, & MRS. MACNAB, Mr. JOCK & LADY SUSAN ASKEW, LADY JANE SCROPE, MRS. GRAHAM LEVENTHORPE, Mr. & Mrs. ANDREW TENNANT, and Mr. & Mrs. ROBERT DUCAS from New York who had been to Lady Weir's luncheon party for friends and relations at Gleneagles before the ceremony.

That vigorous personality the EARL OF DUNDEE, the bride's godfather who proposed her health, told me that he is still hopeful that England will come to providing a "decent measure" of Scotch. The Earl was a great supporter of the Weights and Measures Bill which Parliament hadn't time to finish. Also at the wedding were LADY ERSKINE, Miss MARGARET MITCHELL who was off next day to the Dublin Horse Show, the HON. FIONA CAMPBELL, Mr. JAMES HUNTER BLAIR, SIR JOHN GILMOUR, M.P. (they were saying that he's lost weight since being elected to the House of Commons earlier in the year) & LADY GILMOUR, and Miss PENNY RIDSDALE who was proposing to "fast for a week" to get off the excess weight she picked up in the South of France!

Lord & Lady Weir's present, a Mercedes Benz, was sent on to Spain so that Mr. & Mrs. Weir could enjoy it on their honeymoon. Over 600 more presents were on display in the library.



Mr. Neil Cochran-Patrick and Major P. Snowden start the New York Y.C. Challenge Cup race. Below: Miss Susie Caulcutt



Marquess Camden, R.Y.S. vice-commodore. Below: Mr. Cavendish Morton sketching for a series of oils



Miss Lesley Hays and Mr. Neville Wood. Below: Mr. Guy Lawrence, part owner of the 12-metre yacht Evaine





Left: *Sir William Anstruther-Gray, M.P., and Lady Anstruther-Gray, parents of the bride.* Far left: *Viscount & Viscountess Weir, parents of the bridegroom*

A BRIDE IN FIFESHIRE



Above: *Virginia Mary Macnab, a granddaughter of Sir William & Lady Anstruther-Gray, and a bridesmaid at the wedding.* Right: *the bride and groom cut the cake*



Miss Susan Crowdy and Miss Penny Ridsdale*Miss Margaret Hope and Miss Pamela Davie**Miss Diana MacDougall*

Miss Jane Anstruther-Gray, daughter of Sir William and Lady Anstruther-Gray, married the Hon. George Weir, son of Viscount and Viscountess Weir, at St. Andrew's Church. The reception was held at Easter Kilmany, the bride's home at Cupar, Fife



*Mr. James Hunter Blair and
Miss Annabelle Crombie*



*Mrs. Henry Hutchison and Mr. W. H.
Thomson*



*Above: Mrs. James Macnab, Younger of Macnab,
and Mr. Andrew Tennant. Left: Sir John
Gilmour, M.P., and Lady Gilmour. Right:
Mr. Nigel Robinson and Miss Susan Turcan*



THE HOUSE THAT SCOTT BUILT

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ABBOTSFORD, in the rolling border country near Melrose, is still owned today by two of his descendants, Mrs. Patricia Maxwell-Scott, and her sister Jean, who is a lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester. They inherited Abbotsford from their father, Major-Gen. Sir Walter Constable-Maxwell-Scott, whose mother was a great-granddaughter of the novelist and poet.

In 1811 Scott paid four thousand guineas for what was then a dilapidated farmhouse and a hundred acres of land. He and his family moved there in the summer of the following year and, as the land had belonged to the monks of Melrose Abbey, called the place Abbotsford. The first alterations were begun in 1818, and eventually the farmhouse was pulled down and what is now the main block of Abbotsford was built in its place. Scott, a compulsive antiquarian, collected romantic knick-knacks like a jackdaw, turning his home into a rambling maze of crenellated and battlemented masonry tricked out with a wide variety of historical architectural fragments.

Incongruous or not, Abbotsford caused such a stir that droves of people arrived to gasp at it, once 16 different parties turned up on the same day. John Gibson Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and eventual biographer, came to the conclusion that no other literary shrine was better equipped with pilgrims, with the possible exception of Voltaire's Ferney. Scott's daughter, bemused by the fashionable commotion, exclaimed, "Oh dear—will this never end, Papa?" to which her father replied resignedly, but with a possible hint of complacency, "Let them come, the more the merrier."

Scott was one of the first to install the "new oil gas illumination," which caused more furore. "The public rooms are lighted in a style of extraordinary splendour," wrote a Christmas guest. Unfortunately the fittings leaked and what with the smell of escaping gas and the constant flow of visitors, it is surprising that Scott managed to write anything, let alone work of the breadth and quantity of the Waverley novels.



Abbotsford. Today's chatelaines (below left) are Mrs. Patricia Maxwell-Scott and her sister, Jean



The stone screen bordering the East Court was designed by Sir Walter. Below: Scott's library contains about 20,000 books collected by the poet



JUNIOR POLO AT COWDRAY



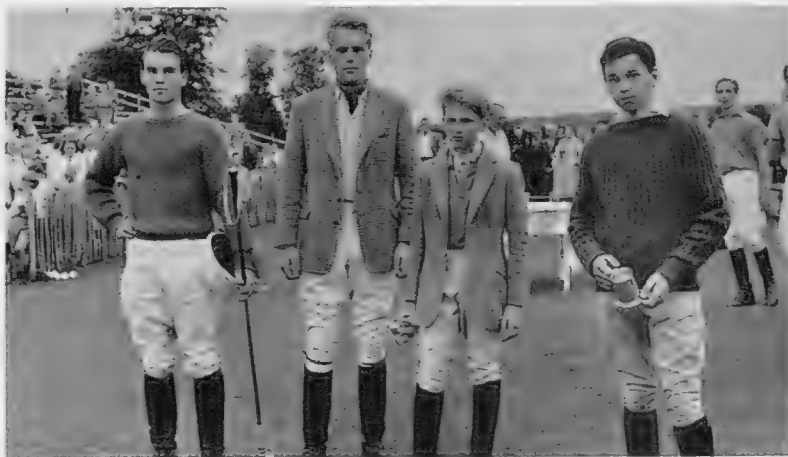
Sandy Harper, the son of Col. Alexander Harper, played for the Cowdray "A" side which fought Bisley to a 3-all draw



Col. T. C. Crichton and Derek Lance of the Cowdray "B" side, which played the Hampshire Hunt team



Mrs. Jimmy Edwards presented prizes. Lavinia Roberts, at the table, was the captain of the Bisley team. Behind her, Nicholas Williams, Adrienne Reuss and Lucinda Lewis. Viscount Cowdray watches



The Cowdray "A" team, John Tylor, Oliver Langdale, Sandy Harper, Charles Johnson. Below: The match that ended in a draw. It was the final of the Pony Club Invitation Tournament



FACES AT THE FESTIVAL



For the next three weeks Edinburgh will be packed with enthusiasts from all over the world tirelessly attending every aspect of the 16th International Festival. The programme provides a rich choice. The Royal Shakespeare Theatre is staging three productions; *Troilus and Cressida*, John Whiting's *The Devils*, and the first performance of Christopher Fry's *Curtmantle*. The Belgrade Opera is giving six productions, including the first British performance of Prokofiev's *Love of Three Oranges*. Dylan Thomas's *The Doctor and the Devils* is scheduled for the Assembly Hall. There will be a Military Tattoo, a Writers' Conference, exhibitions of paintings, a film festival and, of course, there will be music. Carlo Maria Giulini (above) will conduct the Philharmonia Orchestra in two performances, one of them the closing concert on 8 September. David Oistrakh (left) is the soloist in the Brahms and Shostakovich violin concertos—and with Freda Bauer will give a chamber concert at the Usher Hall on 5 September. The Russian 'cellist, Mstislav Rostropovich, and Benjamin Britten (above on opposite page) will give a programme that includes Britten's 'Cello Sonata. The Festival opened with a performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, conducted by the American, Lorin Maazel (right). The Russian pianist, Sviatoslav Richter (far right), will give three chamber concerts at the Usher Hall.





Charles and James with Jock, the Maclean family dog

Sir Fitzroy walks with Jock in the Policies—the Strachur woods



THE MACLEANS OF STRACHUR

HEAD OF THE FAMILY AT STRACHUR is Sir Fitzroy Hew Maclean whose family have lived in Argyllshire for seven centuries. The household at Strachur includes Charles, 15, and James, 13, sons by his marriage to the former Hon. Mrs. Phipps, second daughter of the 14th Lord Lovat, now both at Eton. Lady Maclean has a son and daughter by her previous marriage—Mr. Jeremy Phipps who is at Sandhurst and Susan Rose who is married to Mr. Richard St. Clair de la Mare, grandson of the poet Walter de la Mare.

Sir Fitzroy, M.P. for Bute and North Ayr has a military and literary fame that has travelled far south of the Border. Enlisting as a private in the Cameron Highlanders—his father's old regiment—he was commissioned in 1941 and went out to the Middle East in 1942 where he joined the Special

Air Service. By 1943 he was a brigadier and prominent in the organizing of Yugoslav resistance. Parachuted in to help Tito's partisans he remained in Yugoslavia until the liberation in 1945, eluding all German attempts to capture him. From his military service and travels before and after came the books. Best-known as the author of *Eastern Approaches*, an account of his adventures in Turkestan, the Middle East and the Balkans, he has also written three other best-sellers *Disputed Barricade*, *A Person From England*, and *Back To Bokhara*.

A fluent Russian speaker, Sir Fitzroy has a background of the Diplomatic Service. He was at the British Embassy in Paris before the war and, after being transferred to Moscow, made several notable journeys to Siberia, the Caucasus and Russian Central Asia, penetrating as far as Chinese

Turkestan and Afghanistan. An inveterate traveller—he is off to the Balkans again this autumn—Sir Fitzroy has also journeyed extensively in the Near and Middle East, collecting material for books and articles and shooting film for his own television programme. His weekend journey home from London to Strachur while the House is sitting might daunt some men but the member for Bute and North Ayr plainly enjoys a schedule that involves a train to Glasgow, thence to Gourock and so by boat to Dunoon and a 15 to 20 mile overland jaunt into Argyllshire.

Despite the demands of a busy political and professional life Sir Fitzroy Maclean manages to spend a good deal of his time at Strachur where he farms 4,000 acres and is also licensee—architect too—of the Creggans Inn, overlooking Loch

Fyne. The whole family helps to look after the estate with its several farms where Sir Fitzroy breeds pedigree Short horn cattle. The hotel takes up a good deal of time too. This year the Macleans have added a new grill room and bar and another dozen bedrooms. With the help of Mr. Fergusson, the village joiner and builder they have designed and interior-decorated the rooms themselves.

The standard of food and wine at the Creggans is high—predictably so since Sir Fitzroy is himself a cook of Cordon Bleu standard.

Sir Fitzroy's newest project is again literary. He is writing a book about his own family—the Clan Maclean has a history as spectacular and blood-stained as any in the Highlands—and plans to complete it on his return from the Balkan journey.



Sir Fitzroy on the home farm. Below: Adam-designed Strachur House in its valley setting



*Family group at Strachur.
Charles and James with Sir
Fitzroy and Lady Maclean—
not forgetting Jock the in-
separable companion*





Sir Fitzroy with the portrait of his great-great-grandmother, Lady Margaret Maclean of Ardgour, by Raeburn

Inn with architect. Sir Fitzroy stands outside Creggans



Charles and James are followed by Jock wherever they wander in the district around Strachur



Lady Maclean with her granddaughter, Laura, child of Mr. & Mrs. St. Clair de la Mare



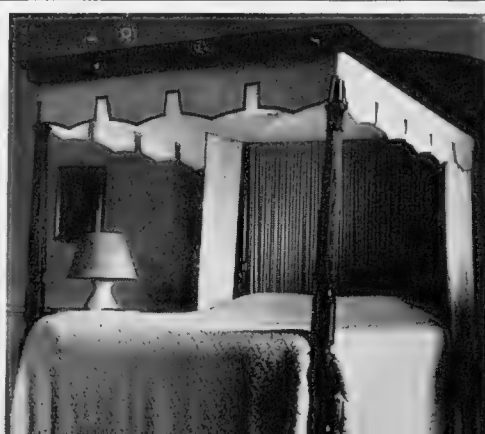
Mr. & Mrs. Cockerill are butler and housekeeper to the Maclean household at Strachur



Charles fishing in the Lochann. Right: the 18th-century fourposter in which Sir Fitzroy sleeps



Bred at Strachur, a pedigree shorthorn bull from one of the Maclean farms



New life for old crafts . . .

Tourists—usually regarded as a nuisance in country areas—are helping to maintain Scottish crafts that would otherwise be dead. The craftsman can no longer make his living by selling to his own community—mass production has put an end to that. But in recent years many have realized that they can remain independent by selling to tourists who respect the value of hand-made products. With the help of the Scottish Country Industries Development Trust the continuity of Scottish crafts is upheld and the desertion of villagers to towns is slowly being stemmed. In this way, too, some crafts, such as that of the horn carver, have made a significant resurrection



Cameron Thompson is a horn carver. Once, when head gardener on Kindrogan Estate, he would make shepherds' crooks as a hobby; now shepherds bring him ram horns and he makes crooks for them—they have forgotten the art. Sometimes he uses shed horns found on the hills. After a period of selling wholesale, he moved on to a main tourist route, rebuilding a condemned toll house above Loch Tay. Though his daughter helps in the shop, he prefers to work from five in the morning, before tourists arrive, and then late at night when they have gone. Among his work; salad servers, knife handles, walking sticks





Left: Mrs. M. Pritchard lives alone at Cally Cottage on the Duke of Atholl's estate at Dunkeld, Perthshire. She imports mohair looped yarn and weaves it, mainly in tartans, for stoles, skirts, shawls and rugs. Through experiment has evolved beautiful and unusual dyes, which she does herself, from local flora. Sometimes working a 14-hour day, Mrs. Pritchard (a 70-year-old widow) weaves by oil lamps in winter; has a flourishing business, selling wholesale to Highland and Edinburgh stores

Below: Mr. Hugh Purdy finds and uses local clay for his pottery. He and his wife have a shop, Cladaich Industries (Arran) Ltd., in Brodick; she sells, he throws the pots. Born in Glasgow and trained there and in Camberwell, Mr. Purdy retired to the Isle of Arran to be his own master

Right: Mr. Gideon Scott May is a stone and horn carver, came to live at Croft Douglas on the shore of Loch Tummel near Pitlochry just after the war. Has his own herd of Highland cattle (he uses their horn for carving) and has won the respect of neighbouring crofters. His wife and eldest of four daughters help in the showroom which, though nine miles from a main road, is sought out by visitors to the district







Steel & Brodie is a family name for the only bee hive business in Scotland. Owned by Ian F. Robertson and Alexander C. Jack, there are three wood-joiners working on hives (below) and they also supply honey-processing apparatus and import Queen Bees from Italy to post to hives who have lost theirs. They also supply skeps which are made in straw by an old man in Aberdeenshire—the last skep-maker in the country. Mr. Robertson (right) says the men have to be paid wages up to the standard of local industries, otherwise he could not keep them



Alexander Macpherson left the factory where he worked spinning and weaving to set up on his own and bought a croft on the shores of Loch Lomond just before the war. He used to make a lot of tweed, but now finds there is no demand except for large quantities he is unable to handle. He makes Saxony tweed for kilts, tartan rugs and scarves. Like most weavers he sends the cloth away for a factory finish. He works on his looms during the winter and sells during the tourist season





Robert Millar, and his son David, have a modern smithy to repair farm machinery. But they still do wrought-iron work, including gates, farm signs, pokers and fire dogs (left). The National Trust commissioned his gate for Falkland Palace and he has been successful in Scottish agricultural shows. Bob Millar says he would like to do much more wrought-iron work but is continually interrupted by repair jobs on farms. His younger son, Robert, 14, does not follow the family craft, but plans to become a professional golfer

Diary of a compulsive novelist

Lord Kilbracken

Killegar, MONDAY. Awake at 9.30 a.m., sunlight streaming through windows. Marvellous to be far removed from all the distractions of London! No rumble of traffic along the King's Road, no girls in their summer dresses passing down Smith Street, no hectic schedule of inescapable appointments. Feel free as air; will definitely start work today on oft-postponed epoch-making novel (oft-postponed over last decade).

Hear gentle hum of tractor. Go to windows: Johnnie is on way to cut meadow. Air redolent with sweet smell of haymaking, lakes glittering in sunshine. Notice grass is overgrown on terrace, dandelion and groundsel proliferating in flower-beds. Draw curtains. No harm in half-hour nap; then breakfast, then to work. Typewriter waits invitingly.

Awake again: watch shows 12.30 p.m. Stumble sleepily to kitchen: no sign of breakfast, Bridie has joint in oven, says lunch in 20 minutes. Make coffee and smoke cigarette. Hear gentle hum of tractor. Johnnie says meadow he cut on Friday is now ready for cocking: he adds meaningfully that it's beginning to look like rain and he'll need all help available.

Can take hint. Rain holds off till 6.15 p.m.; by then we have put up 43 cocks of hay. Very good for soul, but exhausting. Have supper, drink three bottles of stout and collapse into bed; will start novel tomorrow.

TUESDAY. Novel postponed temporarily owing to most unpleasant letter from Revenue Commissioners who have not received my farm account for 1961, due last April. Thinly veiled threats. Spend entire day working on farm account. Tell Johnnie at lunchtime he *must* cut grass on terrace and weed flowerbeds; he says he's too busy with hay.

To Jack's pub in the evening; big crowd of locals for welcome home. Make note: stout in Ireland is three times more potable (also three times more potent) than same in England. Sing *Foggy Foggy Dew* and *The Bold Fenian Men*; very appreciative audience. Return Killegar after closing time with

Katharine, Paul, the two Johnnies, Bridie, Mick, John O'Donnell, Martin, four dozen of stout. Make note on the timelessness of country life in Ireland.

WEDNESDAY. Awake at 11.40 a.m., sunlight streaming through windows. Draw curtains. Draw veil.

In late afternoon, cut the grass on the terrace and start work on the flowerbeds. Johnnie still at hay. Very hard work, very good for soul. In free half-hour before supper, draft opening sentence of novel, *viz.*: "X found it possible, or so Y felt at first, to carry off their meeting as though they had remained lovers, if only on an intermittent or occasional basis." Must try to think of names for X and Y. Early to bed, full of good intentions.

THURSDAY. Unhappy about opening sentence. Realized that I had chosen the wrong narrative technique; better to use first person, identifying narrator with X. Scrap opening sentence.

Morning papers arrive; decide impulsively to go off in search of material. Happen to arrive in Galway soon after 2 o'clock. Discover it is the week of Galway races—amazing. First race at 2.30 p.m.; just make it in time to back the winner—Springtime Lad at 4-1 after a rousing photo-finish. Happy Henry unfortunately unplaced in second race, but play up what's left of winnings on Tripacer in Galway Hurdle. Carberry gets him home by a neck at 9-1. Make note: Carberry an exceptionally fine jockey. Fail to find last three winners but leave racecourse showing profit of £23. Very useful material.

FRIDAY. To my desk at 11.30 a.m. immediately after breakfast. Interrupted almost at once by Continental call operator: Mr. Edwin A. Link is phoning me from Monte Carlo. Drop everything. Mr. Link, whom I met in London last winter, is American inventor-millionaire with large yacht in Monaco, the *Sea Diver*. He had told me he would be sailing this summer on a series of remarkable deep-sea diving experiments. I had asked if I could go along—wonderful material. He hadn't seen why I shouldn't.

Call comes through at noon; I can hear Link loud and clear, but *he* can't hear *me*. Sit over telephone waiting for reconnection but Link is missing. Finally give up at 7 p.m. and repair to Jack's. Bridie tells me on return at 11.30 p.m. that call came through at 7.5 p.m. He'll call again in morning.

SATURDAY: Link comes through at 9 a.m. Telephone fortunately by bedside. He says he is sailing on Wednesday; do I still want to go along? Reply in the affirmative; epoch-making novel, having already waited 10 years, can wait another fortnight. Maybe even three weeks. Will give me time, anyway, to think of names for protagonists.

Calculate I will need to leave Killegar next morning, to give time for day's work in London *en route* and also day's work in Paris (looking for more material). Tell Link I will reach Monaco early on Wednesday; he says "Fine" and hangs up. Make 13 phone calls and send off a batch of cables.

Long conference with the Johnnies on farm plans for coming weeks. Decide to sell no cattle until after All Saints' Day and to buy none unless prices fall. Agree Lolita to be sent to the skewbald stallion at Newtongore: fee 30s. Agree three young sows to be kept for our own breeding purposes from Rosie's next litter. Agree conference be adjourned to Jack's pub for discussion of outstanding matters.

Big crowd of locals for farewell party. Very similar evening to Tuesday, but Joe Grey has fiddle and John Goolan has penny whistle. Dance several steps. Make excuses at closing time for not continuing party: departure at crack of dawn, very long day ahead, much material to be collected. Bed soon after midnight; dream of American mermaids.

London, SUNDAY. Left Killegar at dawn for Dublin, thence by Boeing jet to London. Flight time 59 minutes—rather better than Holyhead. Bivouac in Chelsea; leaving for France tomorrow. (To be continued: Do not miss next week's thrilling instalment: *Aboard the Sea Diver*, with Link).



The outdoor girl look—all soft suede and softer cashmere. Bitter chocolate suit, saddle-stitched on the collar and narrow skirted. By Mirelle Couture, about 34 gns. at Mikla of Wigmore Street. Intarsia cashmere golfer in cream and brown with white diamond markings. By Ballantyne, 11½ gns. at Harvey Nichols Sweater Bar from early October. Luxury crocodile belt, Hermès

GREEN BELT

CLOTHES FOR COUNTRY COUSINS AND THE GIRLS ON THE CASHMERE CIRCUIT. FASHION SUGGESTIONS FOR OUT-OF-TOWN AND NORTH OF THE BORDER TO WEAR FROM THIS WEEKEND ON



For pampered Green Belt girls and long weekenders: the blonde suede suit. Longer, belted jacket and straight skirt with box pleating at the knees. By Charles Creed Ready-to-Wear, about 29 gns. at Lucyna Boutique, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Turtle neck cashmere sweater in pale beige. By Braemar, £9 5s. at Harrods. Gold bracelets: Michael Gosschalk



Heather brown tweed suit, sprinkled with white. Slim-pursed fashion investment. By Dereta, 12½ gns. Shortie cardigan in cream lambswool. By Holyrood, about £3 6s. 6d. both from Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus. Double-strand pearl necklace with turquoise clip and pearl bracelet: Michael Gosschalk. Brown glacé kid gloves, Miloré



Huntin', shootin' and fishin' lass wears cherished cashmere sweater in pale gold. By Barrie, 6 gns. at Harrods. Long-sleeved shirt in silk and wool mixture. By Fairy Ring, 79s. 11d. at Debenham & Freebody. Tweed skirt in woodland checks by Munrospun, about 7½ gns. at Moss Bros. Country stretch stockings by Rayne, 15s. 6d. a pair. Tan suede flatties, Dolcis: 49s. 11d.

Day at the races for the gracefully mature woman. Her suit in dusky blue cashmere, the collar edged in velvet. By County Sports. (See Out-of-town Stockists), about 16 gns. Lime felt cloche with black ciré leather band by Reed Crawford, London Line. Leather gloves, Miloré

limited fireside suit with sinuous, slim skirt and hip-length cardigan jacket. In bracken hues of misty green and brown wool. By Susan Small Casuals, 14 gns. at Gertrude Carol, Knightsbridge. Leopard print chiffon scarf, Woollands



The deep country look ready to clamber over stiles and take marathon walks in its stride. Speckled brown and amber tweed suit by Kashmoor, 12½ gns. at D. H. Evans. Natural Shetland jersey with pretty ribbed neckline and new, longer length. By Hogg of Hawick, £3 at Dickins & Jones. String-backed brown leather gloves, Morley

Cashmere classic for *la vie sportif*. Baby blue shirt sweater by Peter Scott, about 126s. at Scott Adie of Clifford Street, W.1. Charccal worsted skirt with tab buttoning, tailored from the hips. By Windsmoor, 67s. 6d. at John Barker, Kensington. Gold rose pin with coral centre, Michael Gosschalk





Houseparty kit as happily at ease in stately home or trudging the moors. White cashmere Intarsia sweater with scarlet and grey plaid motif. By Pringle, £9 3s. 6d. at Hunt & Winterbotham. Cherry suede skirt cut on an easy bias with ribbed diamond pattern. By Elma, about 15 gns. at Annabelle, Devonshire Street, W.1. Gold watch on wide mesh strap, Michael Gosschalk



OUT OF TOWN MEMBERS OF THE COUNTRY CLUB

P. 396: Mirelle Couture suede suit at Jolly & Sons, Bath; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh

P. 397: Charles Creed Ready-to-Wear suede suit at Parsons & Hart of Andover; Florence Bates of North Berwick Braemar sweater at R. W. Forsyth Ltd., Edinburgh; T. B. & W. Cockayne, Sheffield

P. 398: Dereta tweed suit at Whitby's of Bristol; Heming & Tudor of Reading Holyrood sweater at: Alexander & Co., Clifton, Bristol; Fraser Sons, Glasgow

P. 398: Fairy Ring shirt at John Smith & Co Wools Ltd., Edinburgh; Kendal Milne, Manchester Munrospun tweed skirt at Riceman's of Canterbury; Roderick Tweedie, Edinburgh

P. 399: County Sports cashmere suit at Muriels (Gowns) Ltd., Beckenham; Beale's of Bournemouth; Marshall & Snelgrove, York

P. 399: Susan Small Casuals jersey suit at Vanity Fayre, Blackheath; Charge's of Chichester

P. 400: Peter Scott shirt sweater at Bobby & Co., Bournemouth; Helen Taylor of Bath Windsmoor charcoal worsted skirt at Shimeld, Stanley, Co. Durham; W. Reynolds of Wimblington, March, Cambridgeshire

P. 400: Kashmoor tweed suit at Bonds (Norwich) Ltd., Norwich; Bremner & Co. Ltd., Glasgow Hogg of Hawick's Shetland jersey at Bright & Colson Ltd., Bristol; Hawick House, Galashiels

P. 401: Elma suede skirt at Broadbents' of Southport; Stewart's of Harrogate

P. 402: Hawico hooded cardigan jacket at Brights of Bournemouth; Grants of Croydon

P. 403: Vendôme camel coat and dress at Southey & Sons, Worthing; Badley of Belfast Windsmoor brown wool skirt at Prescotts of Stockport; Cockayne of Sheffield



How to keep sheltered and draught-proof, yet still look demure and in need of pampering. Hooded cardigan jacket in Stewart red Shetland, cut to the length of a sloppy joe. By Hawico, about £4, at Liberty. Millionairess touch: the crocodile belt with gilt bamboo handle, Hermès

Country co-ordinates ready to travel to town. Camel greatcoat with patch pockets and self-buttons. Sold with or without matching dress by Vendôme. Coat alone, 36 gns. at Anne Gerrard, Bruton Street, W.1, and The Lounge, Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Intarsia cashmere polo sweater in honey, earth-brown and white. By Lyle & Scott, about 14 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove from mid-November. Wool skirt with forward kick pleat by Windsmoor, 65s. at John Barker, Kensington

One of the best cream cheeses comes from Scotland—Nicholls of Kensington Church Street sell it for 6s. a pound

BORDER LINES

COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

Buy Scotch. The tartan on this page (Menzie's: 35s. a yard) is one of around 320 authentic tartans in constant stock at the Scotch House. Their newest idea is a satchel-shape tartan bag (4 gns.) teamed with a skirt that has a kick of pleats around the hem (£6 16s. 6d.), a schoolboy's muffler (31s. 6d.), plus a scarlet polo necked sweater and headband (5 gns.). Burberry are making a Robbie Burns check raincoat reversing to proofed black poplin for the Scotch House: 24 gns., which has a matching sharply pleated skirt: 9 gns.

Harrods Food Hall sells Scotch—an Ayrshire roll of bacon is boned and rolled for 5s. 1b. The freshest of Scotch salmon is 8s. 6d. lb.—for whole salmon buyers. Baxters tin many delicacies: among them are pheasant, partridge, Haggis

Dashing Scottish sweaters melting by the mouthful at the Laird Woollen Shop, 15 North Audley Street, who have those very smart, palest flannel grey cashmeres

W. Bill, 93 New Bond Street, sells all the luring products of the Shetlands. Their sweaters have that look of quality and heathery good looks—and can be made to order in any rainbowscope. The husky socks are marvellous for skiers—made from the left-overs from Harris tweed weaving they still contain the natural oils. The Shetland and Harris tweeds can't be faulted in their faultless colour mutations; the cashmeres handle silky-soft. Other branches of W. Bill are at South Molton & Jermyn Street

The Highland Home Industries unites the crofters, who make all sorts of beguiling Scottish handmades with a hint of mist in their soft colours, a taste for the moors in their tough good looks. At 25 Beauchamp Place they have a shop that houses a nucleus of Scottish crofter things—a special seamen's sweater in a creamy, natural beige; a length of pure Shetland or Harris tweed; a baby's Shetland shawl so fine it slips through a wedding ring. In November (12-24) the Queen Mother will open their Exhibition & Sale at the Tea Centre

Authentic tartans are sold over the counter or out-of-the-way ones can be woven to order by Andersons, Edinburgh

VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM AND MACBETH
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE STRATFORD-ON-AVON (JUDI DENCH, PAUL HARDWICK, IAN HOLM, IAN RICHARDSON, BILL TRAVERS, ERIC PORTER, IRENE WORTH)

Two sides of Shakespeare

THE FACT OF SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS, THE beautifully solid, wonderfully incontrovertible fact, is celebrated nine times a week at Stratford in performances of his plays, as imaginatively and scrupulously produced as has ever been their fortune. It is possible to see, within a few days, plays which illustrate the playwright's almost boundless scope, and remind us that he was indeed the "myriad-minded Shakespeare" of his own and our times. To be able to see the *Dream* and *Macbeth* on consecutive nights is a special kind of wonder.

Mr. Peter Hall's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is enchanting, which is precisely what it should be. The fairies, scooting and skittering about the stage with twilight-coloured clothes and diamond spangled faces, share the honours of the evening with the players, a rustic, bumbling group, clumsily intent on the rehearsals of their masque and as happily oblivious of what goes on about them as hibernating bears. Mr. Paul Hardwick gave the best performance as Bottom I have ever seen, and certainly the most likeable. He was the joy of the children in the audience as he was ours: an oaf but never a rogue, simple, plain, without coarseness and living most joyously in the moment.

Mr. Ian Richardson plays a young and kingly Oberon of fantasy and humour, a happier interpretation than those Oberons who simply seem malicious or petulant. And as Titania, Miss Judi Dench has a fey quality that, with her natural, youthful vivacity, makes her an ideal fairy queen. In the outer story, as it were, which frames the scene of the fairy world, there is a certain unevenness in the performances, though Mr. Tony Steedman makes a suitably benign Duke of Athens and Miss Diana Rigg brings a healthy, tomboyish vigour to the part of Helena, one of the four bewitched lovers. And talking of spells it could be said that Puck's part, here friskily played by Mr. Ian Holm, really demonstrates the perils of delegation. "If you want a thing well done," a senior sprite should have



Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Hester and Robert Cook as Jonathan in John Whiting's *A Penny for a Song*, which has recently joined the Royal Shakespeare Company's repertoire

said to Oberon, "do it yourself." But it is comforting to reflect that fairies are as fallible as human beings.

It is mainly a young cast, and the pace of the production is just right for them. Their vitality and Mr. Hall's direction, with its emphasis on gaiety, make this the happiest of spectacles. The mood throughout is genial: the threat to Hermia is never a real menace and any spite or sting is removed from the quarrel between Oberon and Titania. As for the scenes of broad comedy, they are played with the gusto which Shakespeare must have intended. The episode when Quince and his company finally perform their playlet before the duke, for instance, is as hilariously funny as anything in the contemporary theatre: Bottom, for once, almost tongue-tied, and Snug as the lion (wittily played by Mr. Clive Swift) sharing the general stage-fright, whispering his lines into his chest and ending an inaudible speech with a lion's roar that emerges as a mew. It isn't often that one hears and sees an audience at a Shakespeare play laughing until they cry.

Everyone seems to have a different

reaction to *Macbeth*. James Isawit, understandably, as a welcome warning against regicide, actors dote on it but won't quote it off the stage, and there are those who regard it simply as a source of familiar tags. The Stratford production, directed by Mr. Donald McWhinnie, is a straightforward statement of a dramatic verity: that *Macbeth* is a great play of subtle and poetic power, and that it is uncommonly difficult to cast. The part of Lady Macbeth is an example of this. Can it be, as our greatest contemporary playwright suggested to me, that the influence of tradition is too strong and that Mrs. Siddons has become the established model for the rôle? Whatever the reason, I have yet to see the actress perfectly suited to this part and I imagine this must be true of many other playgoers.

That Miss Irene Worth, who plays Lady Macbeth in the present production, is a fine actress is beyond doubt; her delivery of lines is lucid, intelligent and forceful. But it is Mr. Eric Porter's *Macbeth* which moves one far more; a deeply sensitive reading of Shakespeare's most famous tortured, torturing villain.

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

MIX ME A PERSON DIRECTED BY LESLIE NORMAN (ADAM FAITH, DONALD SINDEN, ANNE BAXTER, JACK MACGOWRAN)

Mr. Faith dodges the drop

EVER SINCE MR. ADAM FAITH TOLD ME, IN THE tone of gloomy defiance recommended by his manager, "I'm from Beatville"—and then, having studied the unimpressed puss of your critic, gave a smile and a wink and admitted candidly, "Ackshully, I was born at Ealing," I have felt quite fond of the boy. I can't stand his discs but I like his face—it's a real old-fashioned Londoner's face, kind and shrewd: he seems to be a nice, unambiguous young man—and I was sorry to see him involved in **Mix Me A Person**, though he is certainly the best thing in this devious and disappointing film.

Mr. Faith, charged with the murder of a policeman, doggedly protests his innocence—but not even his defence counsel, Mr. Donald Sinden, believes him. Mr. Sinden (whose performance embodies every ham acting-trick known to melodrama since Sweeney Todd was young) actively dislikes his client and can scarcely wait for him to be condemned to death. His attitude riles Miss Anne Baxter, a psychiatrist with whom Mr. Sinden appears to be carrying on an ardent affair. (You will find out later that they have been married all the time but, for some reason which is never explained, choose to live apart—only occasionally, just for the hell of it, sharing the same bathroom.)

If Mr. Sinden won't even try to get Mr. Faith acquitted, Miss Baxter will. Armed with a tape-recorder she visits Mr. Faith in prison and persuades him to tell his story in his own way: it's clearly her belief (somewhat insulting to the Force) that the police have garbled his statements to suit their own ends. Mr. Faith seems entirely honest in his account of the happenings of that fatal night—which the inevitable flashbacks fully illustrate.

There is Mr. Faith innocently strumming on his guitar in a Battersea coffee bar, when in comes his girl-friend (a Miss Topsy

Jane, who has yet to learn to act) on the arm of a cocky rival (Mr. Anthony Booth): Mr. Faith wants to take her home but she won't play unless he produces a Bentley Continental as transport. Without more ado, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world, off goes Mr. Faith to "borrow" one. Parked outside a mews house is the very job, conveniently complete with ignition keys and all. Mr. Faith coolly purloins it, hoping to impress Miss Jane but she, capricious minx, turns her back on him and vanishes, wiggling, with Mr. Booth.

In a rage, Mr. Faith takes himself for a furious drive and comes to grief on a lonely country road. While he is examining his burst tyre a friendly policeman materializes and, in an attempt to help Mr. Faith by borrowing a jack, waves to a passing lorry to stop. A shot rings out from the driver's cabin, a revolver is thrown into the road—and when a couple more coppers emerge from the underbrush they find Mr. Faith standing beside a dead policeman, looking slightly dazed and holding in his hand a smoking gun that bears no fingerprints but his. And that is why he is on trial for his life—Mr. Faith being, as he says, old enough to swing and to fight for his country.

Miss Baxter mulls this story over and is inclined to accept it as true. Were there no witnesses to the shooting? Well, there were a man and a woman necking in a car parked by the roadside, but apparently the police chose to ignore them at the time of Mr. Faith's arrest—and now they can't be found. Tchh, tchh! says Miss Baxter, shaking her head over the incompetence of coppers.

Well, what about the owner of the Bentley—who's he? He is Mr. Walter Brown, an East Ender, who owns a flourishing frozen food business and employs a fleet of lorries. Ah-ha! Lorries, eh? Before Miss Baxter has finished pursuing her hunch that Mr. Brown might know more about the shooting than he lets on, Mr. Faith is sentenced to death—and the thought of him languishing in the condemned cell drives Miss Baxter frantic.

With the assistance of some of Mr. Faith's espresso-bar chums, who revel in such names as Socko, Dirty Neck and Gravy, Miss Baxter traces the two vital witnesses—whose habit it is to return to the scene of

the crime every Wednesday for a spot of clandestine love-making. They are married but not to each other and are so scared of being exposed that when Miss Baxter suddenly pounces on them out of the dark they drive away in a panic—their car crashes and the man is killed.

Scotland Yard shakes a warning finger at Miss Baxter—but she (a rare old do-it-yourself gal) continues her investigations undeterred. She is able to ingratiate herself with Mr. Brown because (how's this for a laugh?) she, too, is an East Ender—and she discovers that it was from one of his lorries that the luckless policeman was shot.

Miss Baxter persuades Dirty Neck (Mr. Peter Kriss) to take a job at Mr. Brown's warehouse, where he proves to be a pretty able spy. What do you know? Mr. Brown has been blackmailed by his Irish foreman into running guns for the I.R.A.—and a consignment of arms is to be smuggled to the coast that very night. It is the eve of Mr. Faith's execution.

Off hares Miss Baxter to the warehouse—on her own, naturally. She is seen by the fanatical foreman (Mr. Jack MacGowran) and locked in the refrigeration room. Mr. Brown may be a bit of an outsider but he's not prepared to stand by and let a fellow East Ender die of cold. He releases her and, sensible fellow, calls the cops. In the ensuing brush with the I.R.A. chaps, Mr. Brown is shot—but is able to make a full confession to the police before he dies. Mr. Faith is released immediately without, as far as I could see, a stain on his character: nobody bothers to point out that if he had not illegally "borrowed" the Bentley, three dead men would still be alive.

Jane Fonda (right) bears one of the most famous names in films but has never relied on it to get parts. Up till three years ago she had no plans to act at all. Then after art studies in Paris and a modelling stint in New York she visited father Henry in Hollywood and met the Lee Strasbergs of Actors' Studio fame. She enrolled for private lessons and pretty soon her film career went into orbit. Recent pictures include Tall Story, Walk On The Wild Side. Last film appearance was in Tennessee Williams's Period Of Adjustment. She is seen here at Delphi during the making of In The Cool Of The Day—co-star is Peter Finch

BOOKS

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE SUPER-AMERICANS BY JOHN BAINBRIDGE (GOLLANCZ, 30s.) **HERE COMES THERE GOES YOU KNOW WHO** BY WILLIAM SAROYAN (PETER DAVIES, 25s.) **VISITORS TO THE CRESCENT** BY MARY HOCKING (CHATTO & WINDUS, 18s.) **WHO?** BY ALGIS BUDRYS (GOLLANCZ, 15s.) **THE WITCH FAMILY** BY ELEANOR ESTES (CONSTABLE, 13s. 6d.)

Lapis lazuli at lunch

IN A DRY, LISTLESS HOLIDAY SEASON, WHEN the main point about books seems to be how little they will weigh when pushed into a carry-all, **The Super-Americans** by John Bainbridge, comes as lively relief. This bewitching book tells, with the utmost frankness and friendliness, of the fabulousness of Texans at play, at work, at prayer, and when shooting each other. In Texas lives enchanting Mrs. Anne Windfohr who

owns the Vargas diamond, so large she cannot bend the finger that wears it. Mrs. Windfohr, loth to hold anything back, is accustomed to wear for lunch ear-rings of lapis lazuli and jade with a matching string of beads, "as well as a number of rings."

In Texas for special occasions they like to dress up as cowgirls, maybe in gold kid, with husbands dressed to match. Mrs. A. B. Lawrence of Houston actually owns an off-the-shoulder cowgirl outfit, and she and her husband like to arrive at the Houston Fat Stock Show with "a couple of dozen complete changes of Western costume, which they bring in a pair of Cadillacs. His is white and hers is pink."

In Texas, when you fly anywhere, they say, "Are you going commercial?"—or taking your own plane. It was the Texan senator, Wilbert Lee O'Daniel, who wrote a musical number called "The Boy Who Never Gets Too Big To Comb His Mother's Hair" and composed a marvellous verse

that runs "A mother is a mother, Wherever you find her, Be she a Queen, Or an organ grinder."

Texas is the land of the indoor swimming pool where you climb in and press a button that drops the water-level six inches to prevent splashing; of the floating dining-area where, if you push your chair back too vigorously you are liable to land in the pool. This book is hilariously funny and awe inspiring at the same time. We have a little way to go before we start worrying about all-over affluence on this sort of scale.

Here Comes There Goes You Know Who by William Saroyan, is, if you can fight your way past the terrible title, a rather endearing autobiographical book, schmaltzy, defiantly Armenian, a touch too winning to permit you to reach the end without a slightly queasy sensation, but informative, touching in its awful bravado, and a great deal more interesting, I think, than Saroyan's plays and fiction. . . . Mary Hocking's **Visitors To The Crescent** reads



to me like that odd sort of hybrid that happens so often nowadays—an honourable, perfectly sound novel grafted on to a thriller as a form, one supposes, of life-insurance for its survival. It concerns espionage, a sad Pole, his intelligent, oversensitive landlady and mistress who writes children's stories, a couple of fairly mixed-up policemen and one of those wildly improbable villains who was incredibly brave and cruel during the war and have since gone to the bad because their murky subconscious needs the constant release of violent action. ("He had very brilliant eyes of a blue so dark as to be almost violet, and his stare was unblinking"—the way we knew it would be.)

Miss Hocking is excellent on climate and colour and weather, and what an exiles' party is like and how it feels to be lonely and depressed in a slightly seedy section of Kensington. What doesn't so easily convince me—apart from old twisted, bitter, violet-eyes—is what seems to me her over-motivated policemen, each one fighting through His Personal Struggle in order to come to terms with crime, the criminal, the chase, the methods, the law, and this and that besides. "... Like Graham Greene's novels in this genre," says the jacket, "it goes deep into the springs of

action." I wasn't too sure, in this case, that all that delving helped one overmuch.

Who? by Algis Budrys—that's exactly what it says on the jacket—is an absolutely smashing idea which seemed to me confusingly and unsatisfactorily worked out, involving a device I detest—a series of jumps back in time alternating with present-time narrative. One can do no better than quote the magical note on the wrapper to give some notion of plot—"Is the half-metal man, returned from Russia, really the top American scientist Martino? Or is he a Soviet agent in diabolically clever disguise?" The chapters on how you reconstruct a badly burnt human being into something made of electricity and stainless steel have an awful fascination all their own, and poor old Martino himself, with his eyes that need dusting and arm that needs oiling, seemed to me a very credible picture of a simple-minded scientific genius.

Lastly, *The Witch Family* by Eleanor Estes is about little Amy and Clarissa, two very American small girls who draw witches in their off-time. Principal characters include a witch family, a spelling bee and a couple of mermaids. I liked the invention but found it almost impossible to fight my way through the horrors of an indescribable style. It must nevertheless be recorded

that with a seven-year-old audience *The Witch Family* was a howling success. Adorable drawings of pointy-toed, slightly deprived little witches, like fugitives from a Victorian orphanage, by Ardizzone.



Co-stars Nicole Maurey and Howard Keel go back to the book during the filming of John Wyndham's novel *The Day Of The Triffids*, originally published by Michael Joseph in 1951 and reprinted by them this month

RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

GOIN' TO KANSAS CITY BY TOMMY GWALTNEY
THE BLUES AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD MAN
FEELIN' BAD! BY SAMMY PRICE TATE-A-TATE
BY BUDDY TATE 'PRES' BY LESTER YOUNG
TOMMY DORSEY'S GREATEST BAND (2 VOLS.)
I REMEMBER TOMMY; POINT OF NO RETURN;
LONDON BY NIGHT BY FRANK SINATRA

Dropping in on Kansas City

NOBODY, LEAST OF ALL ME, HAS EVER HEARD OF Tommy Gwaltney, and it is quite possible that we shall never hear of him again. This obscure multi-instrumentalist, who is featured on alto, clarinet, and vibraphone, has arranged a superb session for a typical Kansas City group of the mid-30s. *Goin' to Kansas City* (RLP353) also serves to introduce Tommy Newsom, a little-known tenor player who has never before appeared as a jazz soloist. Buck Clayton and Dickie Wells make important contributions, while pianist John Bunch should not go unmentioned, for he provides an admirable backing and features in several excellent solos.

Sammy Price has been recording with his

Bluesicians for several years, and his Texas upbringing enabled him to absorb much of the Middle West jazz influence. His new album, *The Blues Ain't Nothin' But A Good Man Feelin' Bad!* (SAH-R6234), has a featured singer, Doc Horse, who declaims the blues in a somewhat stereotyped fashion, but in the accompanists, notably Vic Dickenson on trombone, you will find the same Kansas City influence all over again.

I have heard trumpeter Clark Terry in a variety of circumstances — soloing in Ellington's band, honking with Bob Brookmeyer in a New York bistro, and on so many record sessions that I know he can fit into any context he chooses. One of his best, when one recalls his association with Basie, is in a gloriously swinging and challenging *Tate-a-Tate* (SVLP2014). Buddy Tate's biting tenor is the other half of this two-piece front line, which hovers invitingly on the borders of mainstream and modern jazz. The session is one of the increasingly frequent examples of jazz aimed at the listener, and not specifically designed to fit into any special category. Buddy is essentially a Kansas City man at heart, and shows it in his work. Clark Terry, who spent two years with Basie before joining Duke, has less positive allegiances, and I can trace strong influences of Rex Stewart and Dizzy Gillespie,

possibly even Roy Eldridge, in his style, which has recently developed into the most original trumpet sound in the jazz scene.

It is harder to trace the Kansas influences in Lester Young's complex and highly imaginative tenor style, but his *Esquire* album, *'Pres'* (32-158), illustrates some of the faculties he employed. The fact that this session was taped against the almost insuperable background of a party does little to detract from the music, which again proves Lester's exceptional ability in swinging ballads.

The swing era produced many anomalies, not the least being Tommy Dorsey, a good jazz trombonist in his own right, who devoted so much effort to promoting his band that his own performances were obliterated. Two Ember records present the group, *Dorsey's Greatest Band* (EMB3319/25), but Frank Sinatra provides a sharp reminder of who made whom by calling one of his Reprise albums *I Remember Tommy* (R9-1003). Sy Oliver's accompaniment—he was once Tommy's top arranger—far outshines anything that Stordahl can do for Sinatra in *Point Of No Return* (SW1676) or Riddle and others in *London By Night* (T20389). Sinatra's recent work in England lays emphasis on the vitally close link between singer and arranger, which must surely give a clue to his enormous success.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

NEW ACQUISITIONS TATE GALLERY

Negroid woodpile

YOU HAVE PROBABLY READ THAT THE TATE Gallery recently acquired two new works, Stanley Spencer's *Swan upping at Cookham* and Louise Nevelson's *Black wall*, 1959, the

former the gift of the Friends of the Tate in this country, the latter the gift of the American Friends of the Tate. You may even have seen the Spencer, one of the best and the best-known of his early paintings, on show in the Gallery already. But I doubt whether you will have seen the Nevelson for, at the time of writing, it is just a stack of black-painted, rough wooden boxes in a basement sculpture store, a sort of surrealist treasure-house where coy Victorian nudes, long ago ousted from the

galleries upstairs and now teasingly draped in transparent plastic covers, are condemned to blush unseen in the company of temporarily displaced contemporary curios by such gentlemen as Jean Arp and Edouardo Paolozzi.

In case I have not made myself clear let me stress that the black boxes do not contain Miss Nevelson's *Black wall*, they are it. There are a couple of dozen of them and each is filled with an arrangement of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 411

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VERDICTS *continued*

black-painted scraps of wood—some worn and weathered, some newly-cut waste from a carpenter's shop, some smoothly turned chair and table legs, an old T-square and so on. When the boxes are assembled side by side and one on top of the other in the order prescribed by the artist they will, I am assured, be transformed into a work of art. Whether this is so we shall, I hope, know when we see it. In the meantime let's take a look at the remarkable woman who made it.

Louise Nevelson is 62. In America she is currently the biggest name in sculpture and at the Venice Biennale her "walls" fill three rooms of the American Pavilion, one black, one white and one gold! Yet until last year, so far as I can trace, her work was virtually unknown in London, and even in New York she aroused no excitement until the mid-1950s. Then, so the story goes, a public-gallery director, surprised and impressed by her work, asked, "Where have you been all this time?" And she replied, "I've been here, where have you been?"

She was born in Kiev and taken to America at the age of four, by which time (so the legend goes) she had already decided to be an artist. As a painter she succeeded sufficiently to become an assistant to Diego Rivera and helped him to cover acres of walls with his murals. Contact with ancient Mexican art, particularly stone carving, during this "apprenticeship" convinced her that sculpture, not painting, was her métier. And later she discovered

that wood, not stone, was her material.

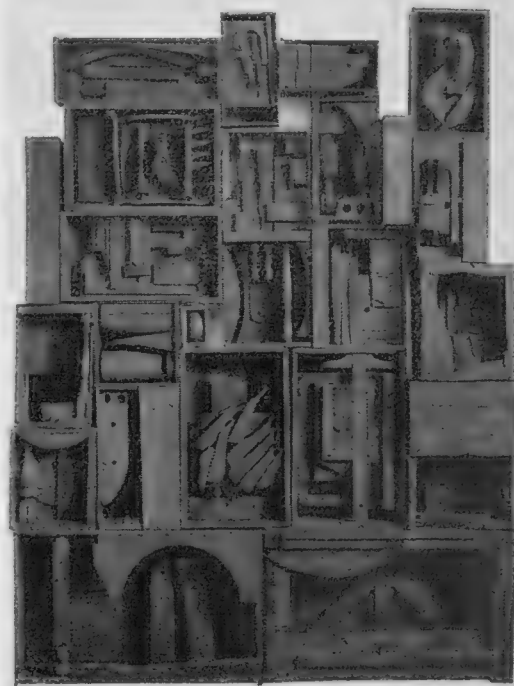
Her method of building "sculptures" from found, wooden objects began only about five years ago. Her work has been likened to the collages made of paper rubbish by Kurt Schwitters in the 1920s. Both are essentially art forms of the machine age, inviting the spectator to perceive, as the artist himself does, a certain strange beauty in the multifarious objects which, because they are so easily made by machines, are equally easily discarded after use.

She made the first of her "walls," black ones, in 1957. They had titles, like *Night garden*, *Moon garden* and *Tropical garden*, which give a clue to what she was trying to do. "To step into a room lined with Nevelson's black pieces," wrote a New York critic, "is, in a very real sense, to step into the heart of midnight." The quality of light that illuminates them must be such that they are invested with an air of mystery and that the identity of the individual fragments is not forced upon the spectator. This looks like providing a headache for someone at the Tate.

These early, black walls have a rough, home-made quality about them and their "ornaments" are patently genuine *objets trouvés*. Later, and especially in the white walls and the gold ones, this quality often gives way to a suspect sophistication of the sort usually associated with smart interior decorators. The variety of *objets* assembled is greatly increased (friends soon began to overwhelm the sculptor with a fantastic assortment of junk), but the more intricate

the walls become the less impressive they are. In place of mystery there is only the facile wit that prompted Sir Philip Henty to call Nevelson "the Steinberg of sculpture."

And that gives me nightmares in which I dream she is constructing a new Albert Memorial—from scrap.



Louise Nevelson's Black Wall—1959



10 A.M.—Left Luxury Hotel



11 A.M.—“Shot” Lion

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I WAS BLONDE YESTERDAY

I'm in favour of everyone doing something about the colour of their hair. A good cut, a snappy shampoo, sits twice as well on hair with sparkle. Instance: hair with the look of dead leaves needs to shine with health and have a flickering tinge of something brighter to bring it off. There's something stunning about a spun sugar caramel shade with a tan, the shiny lustre of coffee bean brown with a wintry pale face. But such natural chemistry comes by right of birth to one lucky woman in a million—the rest buy it every six weeks or so in the tinter's chair. The colour change can be as startling or as subtle as you like. One of the best plans to get your eye in is to go to a salon where colour integrity is high. Have a conditioning treatment plus a slight variation of your natural hairshade which can be gradually boosted to the perfect point at successive appointments. But don't go mad—a girl in a red suit with pink hair may be an overnight wonder but what happens when she wants to wear brown? The colour climate in the hairdressing salons at the moment is towards anything with a coppery, ambery warmth to it. Which is likely to be the only touch of colour with the new winter countryside colours that impregnated Paris. There are those who like to risk all at home with a bottle that dispenses an impressive colourscope. Caution and word-perfect following of the directions brings pretty results. L'Oreal of Paris lead the French field in super natural colour promotion. They are pushing a Venetian Blonde for winter which runs from a light, reddish blonde to a warm, glowing amber. This can be achieved right now by a cunning mix of two parts of Golden Chestnut Color-Glo with one part of Honey Brown for lightish brown shades, or equal parts of Light Sherry & Molten Gold for fair hair. Honey Brown mixed with Molten Gold gives good highlights to mid-mouse. Polycolor is a Continental winner; a cream shampoo tint that lasts through 6-8 washes and has been brought over from France by Richard Hudnut. The result of this foam on shampoo tinter is an even, subtle glow of natural looking hair.

GOOD LOOKS

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

DINING IN

Helen Burke

Virtuoso piece

THERE ARE SOME SPECIALTIES THAT WE reserve for guests—not because we think the family does not deserve the best we can do, but because their own favourite dishes occur frequently, and guests do call for a particular effort.

One of those dishes in point is FILET DE BOEUF EN CROUTE. It is a terrific show-off piece and belongs, properly, to the chef's kitchen. This is not because it is all that difficult, but rather because there are several steps in its making and it does require timing. A gifted methodical cook should be able to take it in her stride, but one who becomes flustered or has no idea of time had better leave it to the professional.

There are several first-class restaurants in London where you can sometimes get it. I believe that one, at least, serves it as a *plat du jour*. I have enjoyed the dish in two others but it had been ordered in advance for a special occasion. This one will serve 10 persons, but perhaps it would be better for eight. First make the rough puff pastry, then partially bake the meat and, finally, while it is cooking, prepare the *mirepoix*, which is a vegetable and bacon mixture.

Here is how to go about it: Buy or make the rough puff pastry. You will need at least a pound. Get the oven really hot (500 deg. Fah. or gas mark 9). Have ready a 3-lb. piece of middle filet of beef. Spread it all over with softened butter and place it in the oven. If it is an electric one, you may reduce the heat to 475 deg. Fah. after 5 minutes, but leave a gas oven at mark 9. Give the filet about 20 minutes, then remove it and leave it to become cold.

While the filet is being cooked, prepare the *mirepoix*. Chop 6 oz. of mushrooms or mushroom stalks and 3 oz. of boiled unsmoked bacon with some fat on it. Fry them in an ounce of butter. Squeeze the

juice of a very small clove of garlic through a press into the mixture, then work in a teaspoon of tubed tomato purée. When fairly dry, moisten with two tablespoons of Madeira. Cook gently for a couple of minutes, then remove and leave to become cold.

The gravy can now be made in readiness. For this I usually buy $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of leg beef, chop it and cover with a pint of cold water. Add a chopped onion and carrot, a clove, a *bouquet garni* and salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Bring to the boil, skim, then simmer, covered, for at least 3 hours. This will provide a delicious clear stock. Pour it into the baking tin, rub it around to take up the residue, then bring it to the boil. Strain it into a sauce boat. If you prefer a very slightly thickened gravy, bring it to the boil then stir into it $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 level teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of water. It will clear at once and you will have a slightly thickened but still limpid gravy.

Roll out the pastry to a little thicker than $\frac{1}{8}$ inch and trim it so that it will be just large enough to encase the filet. Spread a little of the *mirepoix* along the centre of the pastry, the length of the piece of meat, and place the filet on it. Spread the remainder over and around the sides of the beef. Bring the pastry up and over to overlap and bring the ends up and over, too. Seal all joins thoroughly so that none of the juices may escape.

Place the pastry-enclosed meat in a baking tin with the joins underneath so as to present a smooth top. Roll out the trimmings and cut them into "leaves" or scrolls or whatever décor your fancy takes. Brush the surface of the pastry with slightly beaten egg white. Place the cut-out trimmings in position, press them gently then

brush them also with the egg white, avoiding the cut edges. Make a little hole a third way from each end to allow for the escape of steam. Place in a very hot oven (450 to 475 deg. Fah. or gas mark 8 to 9) and bake for 20 to 25 minutes, when the pastry should be golden and well puffed.

Reheat the gravy and serve at once.

After that rather opulent main course, I would suggest a slice of pineapple per person with a generous measure of Kirsch poured over each. As pineapples are with us more or less the whole year round, that should be easy. There is nothing to touch the St. Michael's pineapples from the Azores, but they arrive here intermittently. Like avocado pears, however, pineapples now reach us from many different parts of the world.

With the first autumn apples, I make DANISH APPLE CAKE, a kind of glorified charlotte, from a recipe I brought back with me from Denmark years ago. So far I have not found a better one. Wash and cut up 2 lb. of cooking apples. Put them in a pan with 4 to 6 oz. of sugar, the juice of a lemon, a piece of the peel and, if necessary, a tablespoon or so of water. Cover and cook until the apples fall. If necessary, remove the lid to evaporate excess moisture. Rub through a sieve.

Melt 3 oz. of butter and cook a generous $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of breadcrumbs in it until they are a pale gold. Place a layer of them in a buttered pie dish, add a layer of the apples, then repeat, finishing with a layer of the crumbs. Press down very lightly. Bake for 20 to 30 minutes at 375 deg. Fah. or gas mark 5. Turn out and leave to become slightly cooled. Spread red-currant jelly over the cake and cover it with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream, first whipped until the whisk leaves a decided trail when drawn through it.

ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

New this year

THE YEARS SINCE THE WAR HAVE SEEN A staggering expansion of commercial rose growing. New introductions follow each other with a bewildering rapidity, so that to keep up to date is almost a full time job—a sort of floral keeping up with the Joneses. Roses have become part of the familiar pattern to those connected with Fleet Street—a world of press handouts, public relations men, synthetic events and cocktails. (I often wonder what has become of the nice old ladies who simply thought rose growing was a matter of *Dean Hole* and *Bessie Brown*—in vicarage gardens or cathedral precincts.)

Having this year worked my way through a hefty cross-section of shows, handouts and what-not and filled a book of notes, the following are some of those I consider really distinctive roses, worth the attention of rose growers who like to be up to date. Dicksons have been active in the floribunda group, notably with their *Am-brosia*, claimed to be the first amber rose. It is semi-single with golden stamens. Oddly enough, in spite of an education not lack-

ing in the classics, its name makes me think of milk puddings. Dicksons deserve credit anyway for the sheer skill with which their shows are staged—non-professional exhibitors can learn a lot from such superb presentation. *She*, another Dickson speciality, is a fine pale flesh-salmon pink introduction possessing much merit, I think, and one certain to be in demand. Consulting my notes again, I have been much impressed by the McGredy introduction *Memoriam*, Hybrid Tea, illustrated here. It is of exhibition quality and off-white in colour, tending to a slight flushed pink. Its name is, however, somewhat funereal. *Sombrero* is a name I also find unsatisfactory, but it is an absolutely delightful floribunda—one I picked out as a winner when the rose was yet unchristened and in the trial ground stage; the blooms are white with a rose madder band round the edge—you mustn't miss it. I like it even more than the rich new red *Paddy McGredy*, which is saying quite a lot. Finally, a new Hybrid Tea which has gained Continental recognition and may prove itself here is *Isabel Ortiz*, raised

by Kordes. The blooms are large with reflexed margins and of a deep bright pink; but not, as it seems to me, of a good shape when fully opened.



Hybrid Tea Memoriam

MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Two-cylinder Tiger

BECAUSE THE AVERAGE FRENCHMAN HATES paying taxes, he prefers cars that do large numbers of kilometres to every litre of *essence*. Petrol costs him the equivalent of 7s. a gallon, much of which price goes into the state's coffers. Hence when Panhards produced a real family saloon that would cover around 50 m.p.g., and both go fast and look good into the bargain, it achieved great popularity. The basic reasons for its economy were a small engine and light body, the latter being constructed to a considerable extent of aluminium alloys. This formula persists in the latest "Tiger" model, which I have just been trying out, and although the body is not as light as it used to be (the car's kerb weight is now 16½ cwt.), the 850 c.c. engine's power output has been stepped up to compensate. More than compensate, in fact, for the Panhard Tiger is an 80 m.p.h. car, faster by a few m.p.h. than were previous models.

Over here we have not seen a great deal of the Panhard, mainly no doubt because the incidence of import duty and purchase tax on top of it has put the price up to somewhere near the four figure mark—the Tiger's is indeed well over that at £1,062. In this bracket there is, of course, fierce competition from four- and even six-cylinder models, and no matter how efficient a two-cylinder engine may be, the average British motorist is apt to think it places a limit on a car's value, especially when air-cooled. Be that as it may, I certainly found the Tiger an intriguing car to drive, and those

who are lovers of the unorthodox where automobile engineering is concerned could become enthusiastic over the Panhard, which in this country is handled by the Citroën Co., of Slough, Bucks. As a matter of interest, Panhard was one of the earliest names in the motoring world, with a horseless carriage built in 1891, and King Edward VII's first car was of this make.

Mufflers to an American are not things he wears round his neck, but the apparatus which silences his engine. To motorists everywhere they are 'the things on a car that seem to give trouble soonest—after a year or two many a silencer has become a leaky dispenser of lethal gas. The reason is that whenever an engine is started up from cold, some of the products of combustion condense into an acid liquid which passes into the silencer and starts eating into the steel of which it is made. Unless, that is, the metal has been rendered corrosion-proof either by the introduction of certain alloys during its making, or by suitable treatment afterwards. This second course is being adopted by Rovers on all their models by coating them with a ceramic enamel, while in the U.S.A. the big steel corporations have produced stainless steel alloys specially suited to use in mufflers. Over there too, a new idea has been developed by Hayes Industries of Jackson, Mich., whereby a "unique tuning chamber" is incorporated into the muffler's innards which automatically adjusts the car's exhaust noise

and back pressure so as to be exactly right for idling in the city or cruising on the turnpike. Like Rovers' new silencer, this Hayes muffler is going to last the life of the car, and it is about time all motor manufacturers followed suit.

Safety harness is objected to by many motorists because it is so untidy in the car, with bits and pieces of belting lying around. One new make to overcome this is the Belbrace, which has now been taken up by Irving Air Chute of Great Britain, a pioneer in the safety belt field. The novelty about the Belbrace is that it has an inertia device which allows the wearer to move the body in order, say, to lean forward to reach the parcel shelf or glove box, but automatically locks at times of violent deceleration. When not in use, a minimum of exposed strap is visible, making the Irvin-Belbrace the neatest car harness yet devised. Designs are now being worked out for various makes and models by Irving and Belbrace jointly, and will be made by Irvings at their Letchworth factory.

About half the people I meet ask what the Mark X Jaguar is like to drive. Now they can find out for themselves, for Victor Britain, the car hire firm at 12a Berkeley St., W.1, has started taking delivery of them for its self-drive fleet. And the cost? £24 for one week, the minimum hire period, plus 1s. 6d. a mile inclusive of all petrol, oil and insurance; this charge is cut by half if your driving averages more than 60 miles a day.



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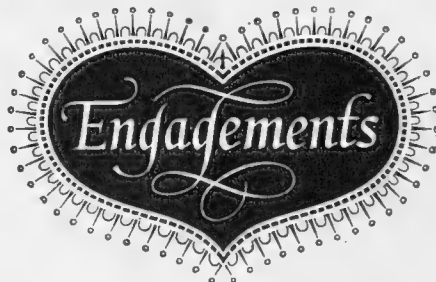
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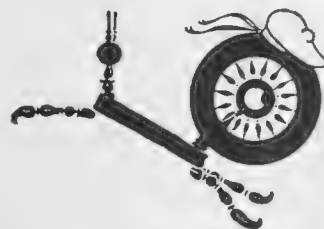
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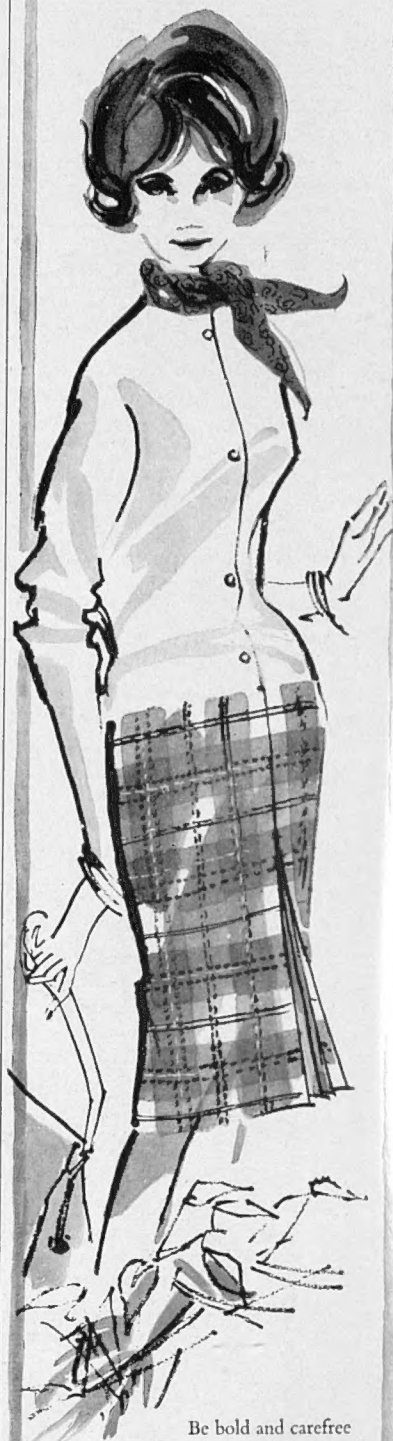


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